

The Historie

Harry to Harry shal hothorse to horse,
Mecte and neare pari til one drop down a coarfe,
Oh that Glendower were come,

Ver. There is more newes,
Ilearnd in Worcester as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene daies.

Doug. Thats the worst tidings that I heare of it.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may serue so great a day,
Come let vs take a muster speedily,
Doomes day is neare, die all, die merely.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand for this one halfe yeare.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardoll.

Falst. Bardol get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of
Sacke, our souldiours shall march through: Weele to Sutton cop-
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money capitaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottell makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty
take them all, ile answere the coynage, bid my Liuetenant Peto
meet me at townes end.

Bar. I will capitaine, farewell.

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiours, I am a fouet gurner,
I haue misused the kinges presse damnable. I haue got in ex-
change of 150. soldiours 300. and odde poundes. I presse me
none but good housholders, Yeomans sonnes, inquire me out
contracted batchelers, such as had been askt twice on the banes,
such a commodity of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare the
Diuell as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Calliuer, worse
then a stricke foule, or a hurt wild ducke: I prest mee none but
such tostes and butter with hearts in their bellies no bigger then
pinnes heades, and they haue bought out their seruices, and
nowe

of Henrie the fourth.

now my whole charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, gentlemen of companies: slaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his sores, and such as indeed were neuer souldiours, but discarded, vniust seruuing men, yonger sonnes to yonger brothers, reuoluted tapsters, and Ostlers, tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged then an olde fazd ancient, and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their seruices, that you woulde thinke that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, latelie come from swine keeping from eating draffe and husks. A mad fellowe met mee on the way, and tolde mee I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seene such skarcrowes. Ile not march through Couentry with them, thats flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs as if they had giues on, for indeede I had the most of them out of prison, theres not a shert and a halfe in all my companie, and the halfe shert is two napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Herald's coate without sleeues, and the shert to say the trueth stolne from my host at S. Albones, or the red-nose Inkeeper of Dauintry, but thats all one, theile find linnen inough on euerie hedge.

Enter the Prince, Lord of Westmerland.

Prin. How now blowne iacke, how now quilt?

Fal. What Hal, how now mad wag? what a diuel dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lo. of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had alreadie bin at shrewesburie.

West. Faith sir Iohn tis more then time that I were there, and you too but my powers are there already, the king I can tel you lookes for vs all, we must away all night.

Falst. Tut neuer feare mee, I am as vigilant as a Cat to steale Crame.

Prin. I thinke to steale Crame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee butter, but tell me iacke, whose fellowes are these that come after?

Falst. Mine Hall, mine.

Prince. I did neuer see such pitifull rascals.

Falst. Tut, tut, good inough to tosse, foode for powder, foode
H,iii, for